

Sweater Weather by k_spbrak

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festive reddie oneshots

Sweater Weather

Author's Note:

hey guys! i have a few different plots planned for this but writing them might be a bit of a challenge, I'm hoping to get them out at least every couple of days but writers block and school aren't my friends lmao, anyways enjoy!

When it snowed in Derry, it fucking snowed. None of the pathetic, tiny flutters of snow which barely even covered a pavement, not the snow which would only last a day. It was snow that would fall from the sky in huge lumps and stick to the ground for days straight, the snow which would make your face sting and your hands burn from your body desperately trying to get some sort of circulation round it to bring warmth to your soggy gloved fingertips. The horrific snowy conditions meant that roads would close, pipes would freeze and some people could barely even get out of their doors. It also meant that schools, colleges and some work places were closed. It was especially great for the Losers as their school was closed for at least three days. The snow meant that Mike didn't have to help out on the farm as there was nothing he could do, he also couldn't ride his bike in the snow either so he had some days free from deliveries. Ben still went to the local library, it was quite nice in there really, they had heating and it was fairly quiet in there. Sometimes he would go with Stan and stay in there simply for the warmth.

The Losers had (obviously) planned to meet up while it was still snowing. It rarely ever snowed in Derry so they were all pretty hyped.

Eddie had a good 4 layers on, courtesy of his mother's bargaining, she would only let her Eddie-Bear outside if he wrapped up warm. Stanley also had quite a few layers on, followed by matching gloves, a scarf and wooly hat. To be honest all of the Losers had wrapped up except Richie, he was wearing jeans, a thick jumper and a coat. For some strange reason he thought it was a good idea to wear fingerless gloves. Yet he wasn't cold, he didn't complain once. His ears and cheeks were bright red from the bitter wind but not once did he even

shiver.

Their plan was to go to the Quarry which had frozen over, it looked absolutely stunning. It was Bev's idea to go, probably not the wisest. The temperatures were so low that the, what once was water, was completely solid. The only way they would hurt themselves was if they fell, but even then the ice would still remain in tact.

"I really don't think this is a good idea guys, what if the ice breaks?" Eddie complained for third time in the past half an hour. All the other Losers had began making their way onto the ice.

"It's perfectly fine Eddie, besides, if it breaks, we all know how to swim." Mike reassured being the first one onto the ice. He glided forward gracefully before skidding to a halt. Bill and Stanley followed after, holding onto each other for support.

"Come on Eddie, it'll be fun." Beverly added sweetly as she also skated onto the ice, Ben kept a close eye on her to make sure she didn't fall and hurt herself.

Richie walked over to Eddie's side and held out his arm for the smaller boy. He smirked, then winked.

"M'lady. Might I have the pleasure of escorting thee to the ice?"

"I'd rather fall and break my neck." Eddie retorted sarcastically, holding onto Richie's arm firmly anyways.

The two headed to the ice together. They didn't actually have any ice skates, they just wore an old pair of sneakers so it was a lot more slippery than they had anticipated. They got the hang of it after a couple of slides though.

Bill had brought along his father's radio so they had music playing in the background. Both Beverly and Richie lost it when Bust A Move came on. They broke out into song, not missing a single lyric.

Richie blurts out the last few lines before the chorus, his hands locked with Beverly's as they danced across the ice.

In a mocking high pitched voice, Beverly continued to sing the rest of

the song which was really just a mixture of grunts.

“I swear they sing th-this every time this f-fuckin’ song comes on. I used to like it, now I can’t stand it as it just reminds me of those two d-dumbasses.” Bill joked as he blew onto his hands.

“It is kinda impressive that they know all the words though.” Stanley added, watching the pair glide together.

“They never mess up a single lyric, it’s kinda sad but also kinda cool.” Eddie agreed.

For a moment, Richie’s eyes wandered away from Beverly and locked with Eddie’s brown ones. He was smiling so brightly it could warm up Richie’s entire body. Of course, being so stuck by the boy’s smile, Richie had a gay meltdown, lost his footing and stumbled on the ice.

“Shit! Bev!” He fell backwards, pulling Beverly down with him. They both screeched as they toppled but quickly laughed after.

“Beverly!” Ben cried out and zoomed towards Beverly who was in a heap on the ice. He carefully helped her back onto her feet, an unnecessarily difficult task given the fact she couldn’t stop giggling.

“Jee, thanks for the concern Benjamin.” Richie scoffed.

“Nice going dickwad.” Eddie laughed, squatting to Richie’s side with a smug grin plastered on his face.

“Yeah yeah, be a dear and help me up?”

Eddie did just that as he hauled the other boy back onto his feet. He quickly looked over him for signs of injury.

“I know you have no consideration for your own well-being but you seriously need to be more careful.” Eddie said seriously.

“Where’s the fun in that Eds?” Richie replied cheekily.

“It’s very fun being safe Rich.” “Uh huh.”

“B-bet you’re starting to regret not p-putting on some more layers, h-

hey Rich?" Bill asked smugly now that Richie was back on his feet.

"Pffssshhhhh absolutely not, I don't ever get cold." Richie chuckled, his hands tucked deep into his pockets and his lips blue.

The Loser's knew damn well that the poor boy was absolutely freezing but was too stubborn to say anything. So, after a (very short) snowball fight which resulted in Stanley putting scoops of snow down Mike's coat, the Loser's went back to Bill's house. They removed their soggy coats and placed them next to the fireplace. They headed down to the basement and piled up on the slightly worn out yet incredibly comfortable sofa.

"Here, you must still be cold." Eddie said, handing over a large fluffy blanket to Richie who still appeared to be shivering.

He had succumbed to the fact that he was indeed freezing and accepted the large fluffy blanket thankfully. He draped it over his shoulders tightly and dug his chin into the softness of it. Honestly it was ridiculously adorable.

"Who wanted hot ch-chocolate?" Bill asked his hands filled with two steaming mugs. Mike followed behind with the exact same.

"Dear lord give me the goods right now." Richie begged holding out his hands to accept the hot chocolate. Before he could take a large gulp of the drink, Eddie stopped him.

"Fucking hell Rich wait for it to cool down first it's practically boiling."

Richie whined childishly in response and set the mug on the vintage desk beside him.

"Movie anyone?" Bev asked, holding a copy of *The Shining* and *Empire Strikes Back*.

"Marsh, why in the hell did you give two choices when *Star Wars* is one of them? It's obvious we're watching *Star Wars*." Richie stated, both Stanley and Eddie nodded in agreement.

"The *Shining* is a m-masterpiece. We s-should watch t-that one." Bill

argued, this time it was Ben who agreed. Mike just watched from his seat in the corner, sipping on his hot chocolate.

“But it’s not better than Star Wars come on.” Richie groaned.

“We have watched it loads.” Ben mumbled, clearly scared to give his input to Richie.

“Why are you complaining! It’s a great film!” Richie had now thrown his arms in the air dramatically.

“Just ‘cause you’re scared of horror movies Rich.” Beverly joked as she put *The Shining* tape in the VCR TV.

“I am not!” Richie protested, his arms folded across his chest. It was clear he was, he wouldn’t be this defensive if he didn’t give a shit about horror films. But Eddie found it pretty damn cute.

“Gwon, scoot.” Eddie ordered, motioning to him to move up. He plopped himself down not-so-gracefully next to Richie who was currently sulking. Mike turned the lights off and everyone found their seats. Stan sat with Bill, Mike sat next to Ben who was sat next to Beverly nervously.

Every so often Richie would cast his eyes to the boy next to him, he didn’t quite know why but he just wanted to reach out and hold him, even just touch him. It must’ve been the intimacy between them both. The fact they were so close in such a warm environment was probably the reason why Richie was so desperate to get closer.

He had attempted to be suave and move closer discreetly but Eddie would just look over his shoulder with a raised brow. On one occasion, Richie moved particularly close and panicked when Eddie’s gaze was on him in a matter of seconds. Understandably, the taller boy panicked and tried to rattle his brain for any kind of excuse.

“Are you cold?” He whispered timidly. He gently reached over and placed his large hand over Eddie’s smaller one (to see his temperature obviously). He actually was quite chilly.

“A tad. I’m alright though.”

“No no it’s cool, we can share the blanket.”

“Are you sure?”

“Absolutely.”

Eddie then allowed himself to be cocooned by the soft duvet, the two boy’s shoulders pressed tightly together. It was nice, comforting. The others paid no mind to them as they were too engrossed in the movie.

“Admit it, you’re just scared aren’t you?” Eddie joked under his breath.

“Scared of what? This hardly even classes as a horror movie.” Richie replied.

“So you admit you’re scared of horror movies then?”

“Not what I said.”

“It kinda is.”

“Kinda isn’t.”

“Uh yeah it is.”

“How is it? Did those exact fuckin words come out my-,”

“Guys! Shut the fuck up!” Beverly yelled over their bickering and the pair quickly became silent.

“If you get a cold you’re not coming to my house for a week.” Eddie whispered gently.

“Bold of you to assume you’ll be able to stop me.”

“Are you underestimating me?”

“Of course not, show me what you got Kaspbrak.”

At around 8:30, the majority of the losers had already fallen asleep halfway through the film which ended a good two hours ago, but nobody had the heart to wake them from their nap. It was only Mike and Richie who were still awake. They were talking quietly amongst themselves about nothing in particular, varying from different songs, school, Mike's job and even somehow got onto the conversation of murderers in America.

"Honestly Rich you should come to the library with us some time, there's a whole section dedicated to murders and crime." Mike whispered. He was sipping on his 5th hot chocolate of the night.

"No way. That place gives me the fuckin' creeps." Richie spoke quietly and looked over to the boy asleep on his arm to make sure he didn't accidentally wake him. Eddie had drifted off about half an hour ago and was in a pretty deep sleep. Occasionally, Richie would gently caress Eddie's hair to further soothe the boy.

"Alright alright that's understandable, next time I go I'll bring you some to read. Do you want another drink by the way?" Mike asked, already standing up and making his way to the stairs.

"I could do with a tea." Beverly grumbled drowsily. She yawned, stretched and cracked her knuckles. "You dickheads been awake this whole time?"

"Keep your voice down." Richie snapped quietly. "Yes, we were the only ones who watched the movie all the way through, and honestly we should've stuck with Star Wars."

"Sorry sorry. We should probably start waking everyone up anyways, it's getting kinda late." Beverly whispered apologetically.

Richie carefully woke Eddie up with a gentle nudge on his shoulder, it only took a few attempts before the boy woke up.

"Hey Sleeping Beauty." Richie joked, Eddie reached up and slapped him on the arm.

Beverly grabbed two pillows from the sofa and threw them

simultaneously at Stanley and Bill.

“Wake up Losers!”

Ben was the first to leave, shortly followed by Beverly and then Stan.

“Rich? D-do you wanna ss-stop over with Mike? Your house is a b-bit further than the others.” Bill offered as he began cleaning the clutter from the basement.

“Nah it’s cool I’m gonna make sure old Eds here doesn’t get lost on his way back.” Richie declined.

“I literally live round the corner.” Eddie replied.

“See you later Mikey.” The two farewelled and headed out back into the cold, harsh snow.

“You didn’t have to walk me Rich.” Eddie spoke up, practically mumbling into his scarf.

“I know I didn’t, but I wanted to, soooo.” Richie shrugged his shoulders and stuffed his hands in his pockets.

“Thanks.”

“No prob.”

A silence came over them. The only sound audible was the crunching of their sneakers on the snow beneath them. It wasn’t necessarily an awkward silence, just a tense one. Both of them wanted to say something, anything, but neither of them had the guts to.

As they approached the Kaspbrak household, Eddie stopped.

“Do you want to stay over? You won’t have to be in the cold then.

And you can sneak in my window like you usually do so my mom won't see you and we can play board games and watch some tv and read those weird conspiracy books. If you want to obviously. Only if you want to." The smaller boy blurted nervously. Richie couldn't help but smile.

"I would absolutely love to take you up on that offer. But maybe some other time, my mom is probably expecting me home right about now so i should get going."

"Okay. Right. Yeah of course. Sorry it was stupid." Eddie stammered as he stared down at the snow glazed floor.

"Eds. We can do it tomorrow okay? How does that sound?" Richie suggested sweetly which earned a smile from the other boy and a nod. "Well, I better get going."

Richie sprung off his heel and started heading down the street. Just as Eddie was about to step in his door, he took a quick look over his shoulder and Richie had done the same. They both smiled at each other shyly before they carried on their separate ways.

"Keep that sweet ass warm Kaspbrak!"